Saint Andrew's College Review

Mid-Summer
1928

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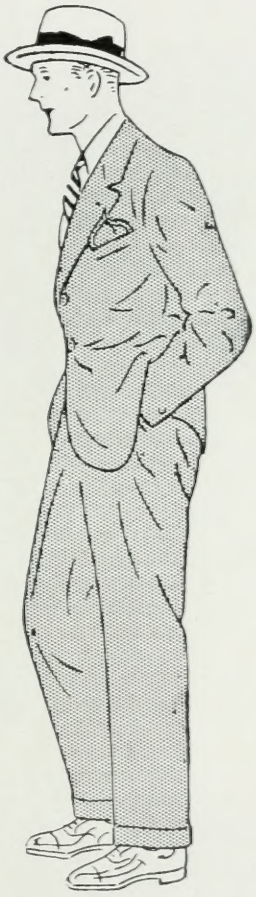

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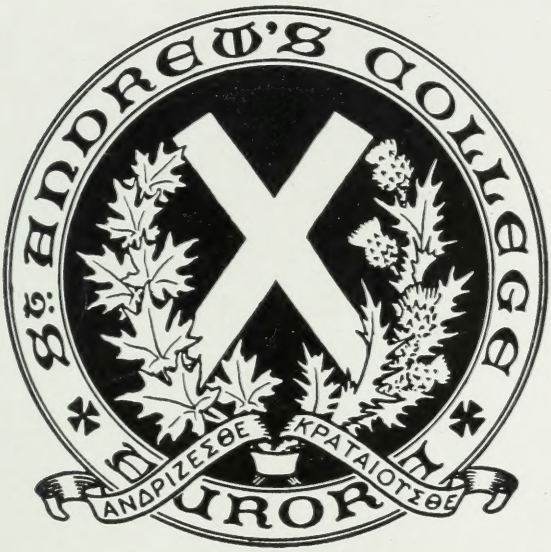
The St. Andrew's College Review



Midsummer, 1928

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St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1928

EDITORIAL

The Holidays! That is the thought uppermost in all our minds—release from the restraint of discipline; the freedom of the woods and lakes and of the "open road"; revisiting of old summer haunts and camping-grounds; foreign travel perhaps, and in some cases even, a "job"—preferably an open-air one with plenty of leisure attached—at all events *change*. Such would be the predominating idea if we could take a snap-shot of the collective school mind to-day. In this "touch of nature" boys and masters are kin.

The older ones among us *may* reflect, in the light of past experience, that even holidays come to an end, that life is not all "beer and skittles", that the beginning of the school year was marked by no less hearty a zest, and by aspirations and resolutions which in too many cases have been unfulfilled. Those who are leaving us finally for a plunge into the comparative independence and responsibility of young manhood may now be exulting in their release, but the "sadder and wiser" masters know that some of the most exultant of these, when they meet them on the street or at the Old Boys' gatherings, will be bemoaning neglected opportunities and wishing they were back in the Old School again.

But away with ill-timed moralizing. To those who are finally leaving St. Andrew's we offer a hearty God speed, and success to the ones who remain for a short time to face the Entrance Examinations. It seems a pity that the close approach of the ordeal of matriculation prevents us from closing the school year with a more fitting ceremonial climax, and giving our departing comrades a send-off worthy of the occasion.

The year that closes will be marked as one of the happiest in our history. Remarkable harmony and good spirit have prevailed in our community, and never have we been more free from accident or epidemic of any kind. Except for the sad incident of the death of one of our day-boys—the unassuming, faithful and well-liked Jack Thomson—no shadow of serious sickness has fallen upon us. A more healthy and vigorous set of lads than those of St. Andrew's College of to-day would be hard to find anywhere.

We are quite settled down after two years in our new Aurora home, and can see taking shape before our eyes the transformation of the old farmlands into the splendidly equipped and inspiringly beautiful property

which will give Andreans, past and present, an increasing cause for pride in their School. When the Lower School building is completed, the vision we have of a greater and better St. Andrew's than ever, will be surely fulfilled.

The Editor-in-chief would like to express his appreciation of the willing help and spirit of co-operation shown by this year's REVIEW Staff and by the boys in general, who have displayed a keener interest, and desire to contribute to the success of the magazine, than has always been the case in the past. He would also like to thank the masters who have so cheerfully helped us out with pen and camera, especially Mr. Guest, whose humorous verse has enlivened our pages under various *noms de guerre*. The REVIEW will greatly miss the contributions of Mr. Guest when he returns to England, and we offer him hearty good wishes for success in his chosen profession.

REVIEW STAFF

FORGOTTEN?

Bill was a very ordinary name, and there was nothing extraordinary about the person to whom it belonged. But to those that knew him, and especially to the five men who lay in the same ward with him, at a large hospital in London, he seemed a hero. Bill had done a great deal for his country. He had been severely wounded three times, winning incidentally the Military Cross, and was now laid up with an affection of the thigh-bone, which the doctors, with a sympathetic smile, (you know how doctors can smile) had pronounced incurable. It was not, however, for his valour—which of course they admired—that the men idolized him, but for his wonderful skill with the old violin, which he prized more highly than any of his other possessions. It seemed to their untrained ears that he could make it talk, talk of the outside world for which they longed so much.

It was on a frosty afternoon in December that these six men sat, as was their habit, talking of the things that had passed.

"Gad," muttered one young man who was minus a leg and an arm, "I wonder if the people outside have completely forgotten us? We six have been here for over a year now and have not heard a thing from the outside! Do you think, Bill," he added almost fearfully, "that they have forgotten all about the war?"

"Ya," put in another sarcastically, "I bet there ain't a hundred persons in this bloomin' town that knows there is sech a thing as crippled soldiers sittin' 'ere to be remembered!"

"Of course they haven't forgotten," laughed Bill, but there was a bitter ring in his voice as he added, "Part of their taxes go to us."

Suddenly the door of the room opened, and old Thunder, the orderly, as the soldiers had named him, entered the ward. He was a big, fat man with a large, well-filled stomach, for Thunder always ate a big dinner. It was from this, his favourite pastime, that he had just come, and a self-satisfied smile, that gradually, as he faced our six friends, grew to a chuckle, and made his red cheeks and numerous chins wiggle in a most amusing fashion, was spread over his beaming countenance.

"Well, boys," he rumbled in his deep, bass voice—one of the reasons for his nickname—"we have to get up a show. Ya! Dam nuisance, I know," he nodded, as the boys began to murmur, "but y'see the Ladies' Aid Society is gettin' up some money for a good cause, hanged if I can remember what it is, but it's a good one, take my word for it, and everybody in the hospital has to contribute his share to make it go over big. Now, can any of you boys play a musical instrument?"

As he looked inquiringly around, all eyes were naturally turned to Bill, who nodded and said, "Yes, I can play a violin, if that can help you any."

"I don't know how well you play, but every little helps, y'know," retorted the ever-smiling Thunder. "Remember then at eight o'clock sharp to-morrow night." And with this he took his smiling face and his overfed body out of the door.

That night, long after his companions were asleep, Bill tossed in his bed, unable to sleep. His mind was working with the question that had been brought up in their conversation that afternoon. Had they been forgotten?

The next evening at eight o'clock, the none too large auditorium of the hospital was crowded with eager spectators. From his place on the stage Bill could see how they sat there, wedged like so many sardines in a can. How would they take his number? he wondered. Suddenly his reflections were broken by the familiar voice of Thunder. Ah yes! There he was—yet he seemed to have undergone a strange change. He had donned for the occasion a dress suit, which had probably been given him for his confirmation, so at least thought Bill. It was, to say the least, tight for him, and Bill could not help laughing at the anxious looks which he cast at the front of the suit, and the groping fingers with which he felt if things were still O.K. in the rear.

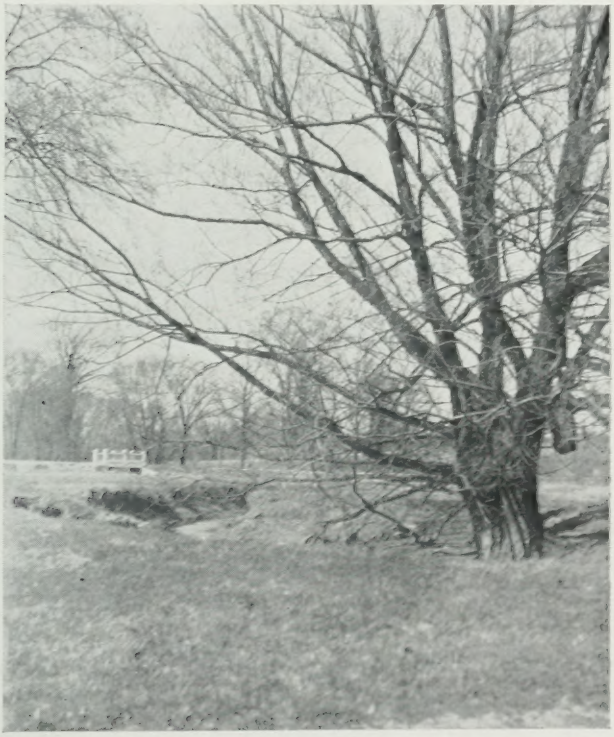
"We will now," he said in a strained voice, for the suit was too tight for him to let his voice have its accustomed volume, "have a violin solo by Bill Smith."

Bill bowed and placed the bow upon the strings of his violin. Instantly the hum of conversation stopped. There was something about this crippled soldier and his old worn instrument that fascinated the audience. As Bill began to play, it seemed to his old friends of the wardroom that a change had come over their pal. As he sat there, his back, that had been bent, straightened out, and over his whole being came the look of a strong man ready for anyone or anything. He threw his very soul into his music and held the audience spellbound. First there came a strain so soft, so clear, that it seemed almost as if one could see a peaceful country scene, with the sun shining and the birds singing. Gradually there seemed to creep into the soft, clear tunes an undercurrent of evil, tones that were harsh and cruel, as if some dark cloud had come to shut out the sun from the peaceful scene and plunge it into darkness. To Bill this cloud was war, and as he played on, the music got wilder and wilder. It seemed, to Bill at least, as if he heard in it the echoes of the great war, the shrieking sound of the bullets, the crackling of the burning villages, and the groans of the wounded

and dying men. Then—and when it happened it was hard to tell—the music grew softer, and the theme, which had sounded so tragic, now grew almost merry, till at last the selection ended with a note that fairly seemed to sing out the words, "Peace, Peace, Peace."

After the last note had died away, there was a moment of dead silence and then the applause broke like thunder on Bill's ears. He looked out upon the spectators. The men in the audience were cheering and clapping, and here and there he could see a woman drying away a tear. A bouquet of flowers was sent up to the stage, and Bill was asked to say a few words. He gazed dreamily at the crowd, who sat looking at him expectantly, for a moment.

"No," smiled Bill at last, and this time there was no bitterness in his voice as he said, "No, they have not forgotten."



TREES BESIDE THE DRIVE-WAY

The Canoe Trip

Last year a few of my friends and myself decided that we would go for our annual canoe trip, down the Crow River from our lake bearing the same name, and up the Trent valley system, through Peterborough, and back home through Kosh Lake.

The eventful morning arrived and we were given a hearty send off. Our two canoes set out against a head wind, carrying our food supplies and camping equipment. We found out, much to our dismay, at lunch time, when we were ten miles down the Crow River, that we had left our bacon and butter at home in the ice box.

That first day had plenty of thrills. The Crow River is not one of those quiet, meandering streams one reads about in verse, but is quite swift in most places, while in some it is a raging torrent. We had none of us been down the river before, and so had considerable difficulty in navigating it. There were several portages during the morning and a great deal of wading in the afternoon.

Pulling and lifting a canoe down rapids occupied most of my time during the latter part of the day, so I was much relieved when we came to the first lock at half-past six. We went through twenty-three of them before we reached home.

We stopped paddling at eight o'clock and had supper; never did a meal taste as good as that one! We were all tired out, so after eating we spread out our blankets on the ground and went to sleep. By this time I had discovered that I had brought two pajama coats and no pants.

We all woke bright and early and had a morning dip in our birthday suits, and then ate heartily of porridge, bacon and eggs, bread and butter, and coffee.

We had paddled well all day, and by night time had put another twenty-five miles behind us. We had only stopped for three-quarters of an hour for lunch, so when we lay down that night we thought we should sleep soundly. But it was not to be; our camp was near a hut in the middle of a marsh, used in the shooting season. It may seem a foolish place to choose, but there was none better within miles.

The mosquitoes were fairly numerous when we first lay down, but after a short time they became unbearable.

We rose and lighted a fire, on which we threw green boughs in order to get some smoke to drive off the pests. It was all to no avail; they seemed to flourish on it, and gathered in greater numbers than before. Having done everything possible, we all lay down again and swore and kicked and scratched as we had never done before.

Just at this time a terrific thunderstorm came up, so there was nothing for it but to retreat to the hut. We covered the door with mosquito netting, but did not notice that there was a hole in the roof through which the demons could get in. It rained for two hours, during which none of us slept. As soon as it stopped, we went out and watched the sun rise, then had our breakfast, packed our belongings and again set out.

When we had paddled for eight hours we came to Rice Lake, which was too rough to cross at that time of day. We landed on an island, where we slept and played bridge until eight o'clock, when we again "hit the trail." It was a moonlight night, and we were able to cross the lake, and were five miles up the Otonabee River by twelve. We slept in a barn near the bank of the river, and what a peaceful night it was after its predecessor! Except for the crowing of the roosters at four, (I think one was sitting on my pillow) I did not hear a sound until seven o'clock. We were under way at eight and reached Peterborough in time for lunch.

We tied up at a dock just near the "Thalassa," the seventy-foot steam yacht owned by James Stilman, the oil millionaire. As we were going ashore he asked us to lunch with him; of course we accepted. He gave us a delicious meal, and showed us over the ship, which was one of the finest of its kind. We wanted to get as far as we could that day, so we did not stop long in Peterborough. We paddled steadily until eight o'clock, when we had supper. A farmer let us sleep in his barn for the night and we certainly had a good night's rest.

The next day was rather uneventful. We arrived at Stony Lake at about eleven o'clock and stayed there all day. One of our party was an excellent jazz player, and as there was a pavilion which lacked nothing but an orchestra, we gave him plenty of exercise. There were several partners about to dance with, and by twelve o'clock quite a crowd had collected. Sleep was necessary, however, so we retired to our camp. Waking later than usual, we proceeded on our way and landed at the head of the lake at mid-day.

There a six-mile portage faced us, and as we did not feel we had any time to spare, we asked a farmer to carry our canoes across to Kosh Lake. At first he said because we were boys he would do it for ten dollars, but we finally brought him down to three. The road we had to use was extremely crude. In places there would be a straight drop of a foot or more; I have never had a rougher ride. When we did get to Kosh we unloaded our belongings and slept in a deserted log cabin. The next two days were to be the worst of the whole trip. We woke rather late and had breakfast and then paddled down the lake until we came to a fairly large river. We went down it until we came to a good sized brook, for it was little more than that. We had heard of this as a short way home and had been advised to try it. Well, we paddled a hundred yards and then went round a bend and saw rapids ahead. Thinking that they would only continue for a mile or so, we did not turn back, but we were sadly mistaken. It took us two days to travel twelve miles, wading in water about half up to our knees most of the time, but too shallow to float the canoes because of the rocks. The country was very rough, so we could not portage. The only thing left to do was carry the canoes in the water. Sometimes we had to go by land because of falls; one portage alone took us two hours.

We reached Round Lake, however, I do not know how. I am sure I was never as glad to see open water in my life. We camped there one night, but hardly slept at all, knowing that we were only about ten miles from home.

The last day was the most enjoyable of the whole trip; we set out at eight o'clock and arrived at the first rapids at half-past nine. We shot it and the one following, and then we came to the Black Snake Rapids. It is the largest in that part of the country, and I only know of a few fellows who shot it before us. We approached it at a fairly good speed, debating whether or not we should try our luck, the party being divided on the point. We tossed a coin and the water-route won. My canoe was to go first. We paddled to the point where the water

began to swirl and then the current did the rest. Those who have done it know what a thrill it is to go down a big rapids for the first time.

I was in the bow, and as we began I wondered if I would live to reach calm water. The canoe shot forward, cutting through the water at a terrific pace. The waves were four feet high in places, and came pouring into the little craft. Half-way down there was a right angled turn which we negotiated with difficulty. We then shot over a log, which nearly turned us over. When we reached the end the canoe was half full of water, and I was nearly dead with excitement.

There were only a few miles of our trip left; Crow Lake was almost in sight. We hurried on, eager to be home, and paddled across the lake as swiftly as possible. We drew up our canoes on the dock a few minutes before dinner time, and the great trip was over.

JOHE PARKER (VB).

LIBRARIANS

VALE

Farewell; 'tis the call of the Season
At the end of another school year,
To abandon the precincts of Reason
For the haunts of the Trout and the Deer.
And some will go up to the north line
With paddle, and rifle, and dirk;
And others will bask in the sunshine
And others will work.

For one will appear as a speed cop,
With noise and a horrible smell;
And one will adorn, as a bell hop,
The floor of some stately hotel;
And others, as guides in the Rockies,
Will delate upon fair, scenic pearls,
And return in the Fall with the lockies
Of various girls.

You may go to Louise or Vancouver,
Or Victoria over the way;
To Quebec, Montreal, or discover
Distant portions of Georgian Bay.
You may visit St. John or New Brunswick,
Or Prince Edward's Isle, girt by the sea;
Yet I vow on some boy you will run slick
From old S.A.C.

To escape from the scene of your labours
Is an excellent holiday rule;
And masters are shunning their neighbours,
And avoiding all mention of school.
Yet though to old England I'm fading,
I still half-believe that I shall
Meet an Andrean stately, parading
The Strand or Pall Mall.

THE REVENGE

He was the best worker on the team that Gaspard had ever had—a husky, big even for his class, but so sullen and cross that he had to be driven with the whip much more than any of the other dogs. He was three-quarters wolf, which accounted for his thieving qualities and also for his speed and endurance, and was known by the name of White Fangs. His master drove a dog-team for the Hudson Bay Company and was noted for speed in travelling, also for cruelty to his dogs. His team was so cowed by constant beatings that they cringed at his voice and pulled on the traces with all their strength. That is, all except White Fangs, who snarled and showed fight, and on account of this always had an unhealed wound from Gaspard's club. He cherished a great hate for his oppressor and showed it by stealing everything he could, and by fighting with his team-mates at every chance. Gaspard would not sell or kill him because he was too valuable.

Gaspard did some trapping for himself whenever he could, and one day when he was away attending to his traps, White Fangs escaped by digging under the logs of the hut in which he was held captive. He wasted no time, but ran like a streak for the forest. Gaspard, returning from his traps, saw him, and with a curse took a flying shot with his old trade musket. "Missed," he muttered, and went into the cabin to prepare his evening meal. But if he had followed up on the trail of White Fangs he would have seen little pools of blood in the snow.

On and on limped White Fangs until dawn streaked the sky. By then his sides heaved and his eyes were distended, while the pain in his leg was nearly unbearable. Finally he slept fitfully in a spruce thicket. In the morning hunger drove him forth, and, his wolfish instincts uppermost, he managed to catch a rabbit, which satisfied his hunger. As time went on, his wound healed, and he found life easy in the forest. There was an abundance of rabbits and small game, while Gaspard had only fed him a meagre portion of frozen fish. When he came across Gaspard's trap-line he soon learned to steal the bait from the traps without getting caught. He tore to bits the valuable animals which he didn't eat, and thus lost many a dollar for his old master.

When Gaspard first came across White Fang's tracks and saw the damage to his traps he cursed and reset the traps. But when he came to the place where White Fangs had torn a black fox to pieces, he fairly raved and tore his hair. He swore he would kill the marauder, and to this end set out poison in tempting balls of fat, but all in vain: White Fangs avoided them all. Gaspard next tried many different traps, but always found them either sprung or with tracks all about where White

Fangs had walked around them and finally gone off. He kept out of them all until one day Gaspard set six traps in a circle around which a rabbit which was sitting in such a lifelike position that White Fangs sprang at it, to be caught by the paw in one of the traps.

When Gaspard came to the traps in the dusk, hours later, he found the snow flecked with blood and churned up in all directions, with White Fangs still defiant in the trap. Stepping closer, he was greeted with such a snarl that he sprang back, and in doing so caught his foot in a crevice of stone. In vain he tried to extricate it, and could only lie there and curse impotently at White Fangs, who snarled in return.

The dusk deepened into night, and the cold moon rose to gaze down at these two lying there in the snow. They were different, with the difference that divides dog and man, but alike in their hate of each other and in their apparently helpless agony. Not quite helpless for one of them, however, for as dawn reddened the sky White Fangs finished chewing off the leg which held him prisoner. Instead of limping off to the forest at once, he crawled to his enemy and finished the work so well begun by the cold, and then hobbled slowly off to the forest, leaving a red print in the snow at every step.

Months later two trappers found bones scattered among six rusty traps, one of which had an animal's paw in its steel grasp.

G. Chubb (IVth Form).

CARSON DOING THE LONG JUMP

(Photo by Mr. Samman)

CROSSING THE OCEAN BY "STEER"-AGE

A trip on a cattle boat, like any other great historical movement, is best seen in distant rearward perspective. It is a possible though not highly attractive means of getting to Europe, most usually indulged in by students seeking a cheap summer in the old land.

The loading of the boat is the first of many strenuous and interesting features of a crossing with Canadian cattle. The day before sailing, the steers are driven into narrow chutes in single file, crowded so closely as to be helpless. On each side quick-fingered French Canadians perform three operations on each animal—tagging its ear, tying a six-foot shank round its neck, and branding it on the jaw with a C. A spur track brings the cattle to the dock, where long barriers guide them to the inclined runways leading to the lower decks of the vessel. These runways were of plank with stout cross cleats, but as most of the steers had had little previous experience on stairs they practically all made the descent by toboganning on their tails. Experienced loaders drove them to the proper places below decks.

The first day of our trip was the most strenuous and exciting of all. The cattle had all to be tied, a task which occupied us some nine hours. Each of us walked along in front of the excited creatures and on seeing one apparently quiet would reach over the front plank and endeavour to untie the shank about its neck in order to fasten it to the manger front. By deftly jumping back at the proper moment the wily steer gave you a most disconcerting upset over the edge of the plank and undid all your work. About one-third had to be lassoed and hauled forward by main force. However, by nine p.m. every one of the 150 cattle in care of our gang of six were caught, tied and properly spaced.

violence of the sea-sickness, a description of a typical one will suffice.

Six of us slept in a small cabin right above the propeller. We scarcely

Six of us slept in a small cabin right above the propellor. We scarcely seemed to have closed our eyes when a cry of "Four o'clock, boys," and a great hammering on the door awakened us. Rolling out of bed, we pulled on our shoes, and after taking a big mug of coffee from a hospitable tin pail we climbed down two decks to our charges.

First came watering the steers, a very trying operation. Enormous hogsheads of water were posted at proper intervals, and from these one man lifted pailfulls of water which two others placed before the animals. The shoving, butting and wrestling that would ensue were disgraceful, and the occasional overturning of a pail, in addition to calling forth loud and fervent comments, also made the footing rather bad on the steel floor. However, in a trifle over half an hour three of

us would satisfy 150 thirsty souls. Meanwhile our fourth comrade was chopping open and shaking out bales of hay; with our help the whole group were fed in fifteen minutes more. A fifth member of our gang was completely eliminated by sea sickness; the sixth man, our foreman, helped only in times of stress.

Thus we were free again at five a.m., so naturally hastened back to our bunks for the most comfortable sleep of the day until the cry of breakfast wakened us. This meal was usually eaten sitting on our bunks, or on deck if it were not too cold.

About nine-thirty we resumed work, this time throwing all the unconsumed hay under the cattle for bedding. Next we swept very clean the passage-way where the hay had lain, scraped out the little trough in front of the beasts, and fed them half a pail of oats each. At ten-thirty the captain inspected the ship. Immediately after we pulled up the hold hatches to hoist up hay and oats which we piled ready for feeding.

After our mid-day meal we could lie about in the sun on deck or go up to the bow to watch the beautiful lather of foam about the keel, until about two-thirty, when the early morning programme was repeated in a more leisurely fashion. Again came more lolling about the deck, reading, chatting, listening to the highly improbable but rather entertaining yarns of about the roughest looking individual imaginable in another gang. Killing his sergeant-major with a bomb early in the war was among the less ambitious of his exploits.

At five we prepared for dinner by reclining on a suitable spot on deck, after trying to get first choice of a wretched assortment of pewter cutlery. Six-thirty saw us below decks sweeping the passage-way—the last of our daily tasks. The final event of the day was the organization of a fairly general card game in which the more sporty members of the crew won or lost small stakes, until about eleven, when everyone rolled in, leaving things relatively clear for the numerous rats to scamper about. During this time and all night until four a.m. one member, the night-man, patrolled the cattle decks steadily.

The first three days, dropping down the St. Lawrence, were very pleasant sailing. The wake of the ship at sunset was an intensely beautiful sight, the widening foam forming a lacy band far behind. Sunday evening we met the first real ocean swell, and within an hour fourteen of our crew of eighteen had given up everything but the ship. About two days of extreme discomfort followed, after which our badly upset "tummies" balked quite frequently at our rough food.

The tenth day, coming through St. George's Channel, we spent hauling the spare feed up on deck. The ropes of the steers were untied and

looped in such a fashion that one pull loosed the creature. The instant we touched the dock, drovers were swarming below decks; in a very few minutes the cattle were pouring across the docks six abreast.

Meanwhile we were shooting the spare feed down a long chute to the dock, where two of us stowed it back. How we did hurry! Then came examination of passports, a shave, clean clothes, and at long last at 11.30 p.m. solid ground. After a toilsome walk through the maze of dock buildings followed a long tram ride, a hotel, real food, a bath, and finally, after a long and interesting day, a real bed. V.L.

"WILSON ANNOUNCING"

"Fetch me my pipe, Watson, and my violin."

Thus spoke "Microscope" Michelson, the greatest detective of the age.

When Watson had brought him these articles, which must be the parapharnalia of all great detectives, he settled back in his easy chair and played himself a few choice selections. Just as he finished rendering the old rhapsody entitled, "Henry's made a Lady out of Lizzie," he heard footsteps on the stair and someone knocked on the door. He quickly disguised himself and shouted "Come in." "Mike" was a master of disguises, and he was often called the Man with the Thousand Faces by his fellow criminologists. The door slowly opened and a woman entered. Her face plainly betrayed the fact that she had been suffering severe mental stress.

"Mr. Michelson," she began when seated, "I am the Duchess of Dandruff. I have come about a matter of great import. It concerns the disappearance of the Prince of Cuspidoria. He was kidnapped from his apartments last night."

"Can you give me a description of the missing prince?" asked "Mike."

"Why, yes," was the reply. "He has a very long body, short legs, projecting ears and a long moist nose, and I wish you would try your hardest to recover him, for his presence is expected at the coming Exhibition."

"Rest assured, madam, the prince is as good as found. I never fail to get my man. I will disguise myself as a street-cleaner and comb the streets for him."

Soon after the duchess had departed, and while he was thinking deeply while deeply ensconced in the depths of his deep easy chair, he heard another knock at his door. Still thinking deeply he shouted "Enter" in a deep, sepulchral voice. It is a mark of his great prowess as a sleuth that he thought at the same time as he spoke. Only very great detectives can do this. Sherlock Holmes could, and it is recorded in the annals of criminology that the renowned Nicholas Carter performed the same feat on occasions.

But this is beside the point.

The door again opened slowly, in fact its motion was so slow as to be almost imperceptible. In some minutes it had opened sufficiently to allow a strange figure to enter. It appeared to be a man crawling on all fours and covered almost entirely with a black cloak. When the figure straightened up it turned out to be none other than Mayor McShanus. "Mike" immediately came out of his trance and made obeisance by kow-towing in the middle of the floor.

"I have come," said the mayor, "about the kidnapping of the Prince of Cuspidoria."

"You don't mean to inform me that the Prince of Cuspidoria has been kidnapped?" questioned "Mike." "Oh, yes. I remember now. I was so busy solving the mystery that L'd forgotten all about it."

"Well," continued the mayor, "unless the prince is found in time for the Exhibition it may mean War! I have reason to believe that I was followed here, and so I must leave in disguise."

With these words he snatched a false moustache from the false-moustache stand, a wig from the false-hair stand, and a pair of false teeth from the mantelpiece. Hastily donning his disguise, he rushed through the door, fell down the stairs and was gone.

The visit of the mayor served to impress upon our illustrious Michelson that the case was indeed very serious.

He dressed in the garb of a street-cleaner and searched the city thoroughly for any trace of the missing prince. "Mike" could act the part of a street-cleaner to perfection, for such had been his profession before heturned sleuth. He arrested three men as suspects on account of their long moist noses, but all were able to establish an alibi, as far as princely rank was concerned.

At last in desperation he visited the prince's apartment. Here he made a minute search with a magnifying glass and a magnet. While

engrossed in his search he chanced to see a picture hanging on the wall. It struck him as a coincidence that it should be hanging on the wall, and so he looked more closely. It was the picture of a dog. Under it were printed the words "Prince of Cuspidoria."

At last the staggering truth crashed home on his brain. (It made a hollow ring.) The prince was a dog!

"Mike" immediately phoned every police station in the city and set them searching for an elongated dog with short legs, a long nose and projecting ears. But to no avail. The day of the exhibition arrived; the day on which the prince was to have been shown.

"Mike" sought out the Duchess of Dandruff and told her of his failure, but offered to disguise himself as the prince and be shown in his place. The duchess, in desperation, agreed to this. The experiment was a great success. The disguise was perfect. "Mike" resembled the prince more than the dog resembled itself.

The famous detective carried off practically all the prizes, but unfortunately the duchess had neglected to buy him a license, and so he was shot as a stray dog.

GENTLES (Form IV).

THE WEDDING FEAST

TRICKONOMETRY

(Extracts from a treatise shortly to be published)

By Mark Sprott

Preface.

This book is a modern text on Trickonometry. It should be invaluable to all St. Andrew's students, ranging from five to twenty-five years.

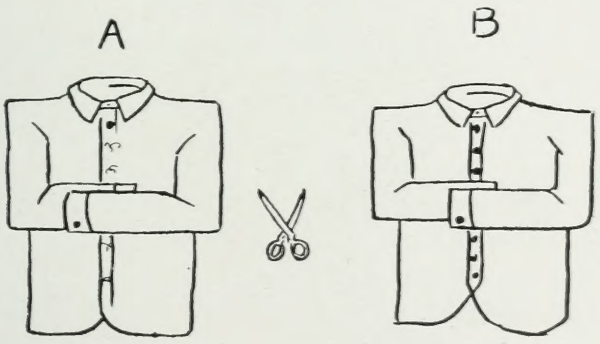
Owing to the short hours of study available to the modern schoolboy, the Headmaster has not been able to grant a period for the study of this absorbing subject, but he hopes that all the boys will take the opportunity to study the book in their spare time.

The theorems, problems and exercises have been carefully chosen, and are not too difficult for the average student to grasp.

In most cases there are several proofs for the propositions and the student should be encouraged to work out his own proofs and constructions.

Theorem I

Enunciation: If you send two shirts, each having five buttons, to the laundry, the shirts will return with approximately one button on each.



Hypothesis: Shirts A and B each have five buttons, on a given day.

To Prove: The shirts will return seven days later with one button on each.

Proof: On any given sunny day the boy A, not having any buttons will be taken into the washroom and one button is cut off with scissors C.

The next day during the process of washing it is customary to rip off two buttons per shirt.

Following this the shirts are pressed, thus eliminating one more button. Leaving one button on shirts A and B.

On being returned the owner puts on the shirt, and in his haste he unfortunately tears off the remaining button, which has been hanging on by one thread.

THEOREM II

Enunciation: Any boy who breaks bounds gets caught.

To Prove: That if boy A tries to skip to Newmarket he will either get caught or he won't reach the town.

Hypothesis: The boy A gets the itching B to go to Newmarket.

Proof: On any given sunny day the boy A, not having any buttons on his cricket shirt by Theorem I, will get the itching B to go to Newmarket.

The boy will warily steal down to Yonge Street, keeping well out of sight of the buildings.

On reaching Yonge Street he will walk briskly north for, perhaps, a quarter of a mile.

As the radial has just gone by ten minutes ago, the boy A will endeavour to receive a lift.

After watching the cars roll by for ten or fifteen minutes a blue Willys-Knight or Essex or a grey Chrysler or even a brown Pontiac will slow up before you hail it.

At this point the boy receives a rude shock when he recognizes the driver of the car. He has to think quickly now, and as this is impossible he is "caught cold." The boy A then walks home with visions of either a thick cane or the image of a Roman slave dragging a huge roller.

Problem I

Enunciation: Construct an excuse that will go over for being late for school.

Hypothesis: One boy late for school and one grouchy master.

Construction: Read your magazine for five minutes after the bell for school has rung. Quickly throw aside your magazine and run. Get half-way to Dunlap Hall before remembering your fountain pen.

Run back and get your pen, then increase your speed and enter the class room ten minutes late.

Inform the master that you were seeing Miss Brooks, getting your pen filled and also trying to find your books.

Proof: When the master asks whether Miss Brooks sent for you, answer "No!" The master will look at you and tell you to get to work, "You have already wasted half the period."

On telling him that you have no book, he will glare at you menacingly and tell you to "Take down the following notes!"

Finally when he finds out that your pen is dry he will break out. The subsequent afternoon is spent leaning over numerous pages of foolscap.

Problem II

Enunciation: Construct a method of skipping spare periods successfully.

Hypothesis: One student anxious to skip spare period and twenty odd masters eager to catch him.

Construction: When the period bell goes, jump up and open the door for the master to walk out; as soon as he turns the corner, quietly leave the room and tip-toe downstairs to the basement. Remember that all your study books are back in the classroom. Ignore them, and after carefully evading all masters, steal outside and proceed to your house via the back door.

In going upstairs you will probably run into the housemaster, whom you have entirely forgotten.

This necessitates going back to the spare classroom, and by using Problem I you will be able to think up a good excuse for being five minutes late at the spare.

Exercises

1. Having sent two shirts, two pair of underwear (non-hatchway) and one pair of pyjamas to the laundry, calculate to three decimal places mathematically, the number of buttons returning. Note,—Use Theorem I.

2. Construct by Problem I separate excuses for each of the following:—Late at breakfast, absence at chapel, bed not made, and non-preparation of homework.

3. Given that you have two hours' work on the roller, an important cricket practice, and lots of back history notes to catch up on, discover a way of enjoying the afternoon.

4. Construct a method of borrowing a dollar at any given time without stating that you are expecting a check from home soon.

5. Without implicating the dentist, doctor, or deaths of grandmothers, find good excuses for week-ends, Saturdays and over-staying of leave.

ORCHESTRA

SCHOOL NEWS

THOMSON, JOHN EDMUND, was born in Toronto on February 24th, 1911. He came to St. Andrew's College from the University of Toronto Schools in September 1925, when he entered Form III A. In June 1926 he was promoted to Form IV A., and in 1927 won his promition to Form V., where he was preparing to write part of his Matriculation, when he died suddenly at home on May 25th, 1928.

Brief as was his life, Jack Thomson has left no mean impress on the life of the school. Possessing considerable ability, as well as consistent application to the duties of the day, he had already given promise of real scholarship, although he was always handicapped by poor health. His performance on the football field last autumn, when his health improved, indicated that given the opportunity he could excel in athletics also. His consistent courage and persistent effort in the face of difficulties of no mean order had gained for him the deep respect and full regard of all the school. The news of his sudden passing brought sorrow to boys and masters alike. The memory of a brave young soldier, who never flinched, will long remain bright in the minds of those who knew him. In the name of his old school THE REVIEW tenders sincere sympathy to the family circle which sorrows at the passing of a youth of promise.

THE HEAD PREFECT

Gordon Rolph, a worthy descendant of a long line of predecessors, has this year occupied the office of Head Prefect, carrying out with precision the many duties which this position demands.

Gordie has been with us some dozen years, coming up from the prep. form to his present position. Gordon's executive ability has landed

him on every committee and association in the School. A few of his offices are:—Second Vice-President of the Literary Society, Vice-President of the Athletic Association, Business Manager for the REVIEW, along with many others. Athletics have claimed a great deal of his time, as he has acted in the capacity of captain of both the Rugby and the Cricket teams. His cricket record up to the present is very outstanding, his receiving a cricket bat, only presented to those obtaining over fifty runs in a school game, being an exceptional feat. Under Gordie's guidance we are looking forward to great things from the First Eleven.

As Head Prefect, Gordon has had his share of worries and embarrassments. In spite of this he has managed to attend a few classes. This being his last year, he is trying Honor Matric., and he seems very optimistic as to the result.

We are sorry that Gordon is not carrying the name of St. Andrew's to University, but we are assured that he will rise to the top in future life as he has done in our midst. H.T.C.

GORDON ROLPH

Head Prefect and Captain of the First Eleven

THE UPPER SIXTH

BLOW, "JOE"—

Literally one of the big boys, as he at least weighs a ton on the hoof. Joe's home town is Woodstock, and we believe that it has gone into serious decline, especially in musical and literary circles, since he left. His favourite pastime is hitting the wrong note for the hymn in chapel, but on the whole he is a very competent musician. Joe's greatest ambition is opera, and we have no doubt but that he will fill Massey Hall (in more ways than one) in the near future.

BOWMAN, "BILL"—

Windsor's gift to the Upper Sixth. Although this is his first year at school he has readily accustomed himself to the surroundings and proved his worth by making the first football team. He professes to know everything about basketball, and occasionally finds time to confirm any newly arisen scandal around the school. It was a sad blow when he had to give up cricket in favour of his studies, but he has found enough spare time to assist Captain Slater in developing the bugle band to such a high standard. Bill seldom speaks in class, but his rare remarks are usually of an intelligent nature. We wish him every success in his future work, and some day expect to find him the leader of Windsor's financial centre.

CARSON, "TOM"—

One of those Ottawa boys—enough said. As a prefect, Tom's duties are numerous, he being a prominent member of many societies and associations. In the athletic field he excels in running. This year he has been successful in capturing the senior championship on sports day, as well as winning the cross-country run and first annual ski race. Besides being our kicking half on the rugby team he is first lieutenant in the cadet corps. Tom carries his easy-going manner into the class-room and therefore has not made it a practice of taking his work seriously—except English, at which subject Mr. Findlay and he are past masters. Tom's future is about as uncertain as his punctuality, but we have no doubt that he will make a huge success of whatever he undertakes.

CRAIG, "GIB."—

Carleton Place has sent Gib., or rather lent him, to S.A.C. for four years now. During this period he has met with considerable success, whether it be playing the base-drum in the Cadet Corps, or harmonizing the hymns on his saxaphone in the prayer hall. Besides being a decided

addition to the Prefect's bench, he is somewhat of an athlete, having gained 1st team colours in both rugby and basketball. His close relations with Carson have resulted in his ability to take full enjoyment out of life; while eating, being late for class and playing the stocks are his favourite hobbies. No doubt Gib.'s organizing abilities will stand him in good stead for future life, and we look to him to keep Carleton Place on the map.

CROCKER, "BUNNY"—

First brought himself into prominence by making a wing position on the first Rugby team. As a student Bunny is remarkable. Although not appearing to kill himself in study, he always has his work at his finger-tips, and is one of those maddening people who tell you how tough it was that they "got only ninety-nine." Bunny takes part in all the school activities with a keen interest and is altogether a first-rate Andrean. We wish him all success at S.P.S. and will be on the lookout for his name attached to a scholarship in the near future.

CUTTING, "BILL"—

Had the name of having the hardest tackle on the field last fall, but owing to tough luck was unable to get into any of the games. We were all sorry when we came back at Easter and found that Bill had left for good, but we have no doubt that what was our loss will be someone else's gain.

ELLSWORTH, "ERIC"—

Has been in the school for a great many years and so is an authority on football history and old boys in general. Eric's jovial nature has always made him well liked and has brought him through with flying colours in the difficult position of a prefect. As captain of the hard fighting second Rugby team and member of the first Hockey team he showed up as an athlete of merit, and we will always remember him as one who gave everything he had. To judge Eric as a student is somewhat difficult; one day he will be severely reprimanded for inattention, while again, as if to show us all up, he snaps out of it and discusses maths with such intelligence that he even surprises himself.

Varsity has the next claim on Eric's time, and we have no doubt that he will live up to our high expectations of him.

FOSTER, "ANDY"—

Has been in the school ever since the year one, and in that time has made a name for himself which will not be equalled by many. His popularity and good nature brought him in line for duties as a manager,

and he has acted in that capacity on both the first Hockey and Rugby teams.

Andy's favourite pastime outside of skipping periods is knocking up runs on the first Eleven. He is second in command this year and has shown his worth in several exhibition games. To give in detail all the hobbies and adventures of this notorious character would take pages, but we must not omit that Andy was 1st vice-president of the literary society; on practically every committee, and, as you may guess, a prefect.

Andy's next stop is McGill, and we have no doubt that he will meet as much success there as he has at S.A.C.

GIRALDO, "JERRY"—

A second-year man in the form, as may be seen by his occasional intelligent remark. Jerry came all the way from Colombia, S.A., three years ago, and has profited greatly by his stay here. He is a plugger who enters into all kinds of athletics, winning and losing in the same spirit. His favourite sport seems to be boxing, at which art he is a past master. In class this mighty atom is quiet, but meditative, and excels in English, at which he has any of us backed off the map. We all wish him the best in his future undertakings.

LORWAY, "CHARLIE"—

Came to us from Nova Scotia and has ably upheld all the good qualities of his predecessors from that district. When not engaged with Williams in tormenting Joe Blow, he is working out some original proof for Mr. Fleming.

Although quiet and unassuming, we have enjoyed his presence, if but for one short year, and wish him the best of luck for the future.

LOUGH, "WEINER"—

Follows the rule that valuable things are done up in small parcels, for he has certainly been a great asset to us in every field of endeavour during his four years at the college. As an athlete, Doug. (as he is called on Sundays) is eminent, which the record of four First Team colours and the captaincy of the Hockey and Basketball teams ought to confirm. Doug. also adds his share to the life of the form, for it most certainly wouldn't be what it is if he were not there to argue with Murphy, or get the odd bawling-out from the maths. teacher. If you would like to see what he looks like, ladies and gentlemen, you can see his picture in the Athletic Assoc. or Literary Society, as he is a member of these and many other organizations. Weiner expects to enter Queen's

this fall. He ought to do great things for the tri-color, and we all wish him the best.

Divides his time between Upper and Lower Sixth, but we see enough of him to appreciate his cheerful disposition. At times he appears bored with life in general, and spends most of his time making up excuses for leave. He takes part in Rugby, Cricket and Boxing, also British Consols Exports. Next year he intends entering the R.M.C.—that is, provided he gets his Latin. Best of luck, "Bill."

UPPER SIXTH

McLandress, "Ken."—

When Ken. gets his hair brushed and his shoes polished, one might mistake him for a movie star, but his ambition does not direct him that way. He delights in playing "Momus" before prayers every morning, and spending week-ends in Toronto. However, he has shown that he can be serious when he wants to be, and will no doubt do himself justice in the exams. As Captain of the Cadet Corps he is to be congratulated, and a bright future seems to await him, either in his military career or in later years as a doctor.

MURPHY, "SPUD"—

Hails from that northern town known as Haileybury. He calls no man his master but treats everybody as a friend. Spud is one of our big boys, being a star Rugby player, and was also a fine asset to the Hockey team, while at present he is striving for a place on the first Cricket eleven. As a historian in the Literary Society his Irish humour was greatly appreciated, while one has only to watch him drill his platoon to realize his ability as an officer in the Cadet Corps. In the class-room Spud enjoys equal success, especially in mathematics. Mr. Fleming considers him one of the mainstays of the class, while Mr. Findlay still has hope for him in English. He will pass out of the school this year to be known as one of the famous characters of its history, and we all feel certain that he will obtain the same success in his future undertakings as he has acquired within these walls.

REA, "DAVE"—

One has only to look at the honour-lists to know all about him. His chief duties in the form consist of being on time for class and always giving encouragement to the masters by having his homework done. He is one of the few who understand the Binomial Theorem and is one of our main hopes in the coming exams. He also finds time to enter into athletics with keen enthusiasm, and no doubt some day great things will result from his conscientious labours.

ROLPH, "GORDIE"—

As Head Prefect, additional space is reserved for him in this REVIEW, but we would like to take this opportunity in wishing him every success for the future.

SHORTLY, "JACK"—

When not occupied talking, he is busy being kicked out of French periods. He is a splendid athlete, and one who enters into his work with enthusiasm. Jack is a first team man in hockey, giving a very good account of himself at every opportunity. The second Rugby team had him sign a one-year contract to play any position when called upon. He figured best on the half-line.

This young gentleman struck hard luck when he was taken home and put under the doctor's care. In losing Jack we not only lose our head-librarian but also some good material for the Cricket eleven. Although he is carrying a maximum of senior matric. subjects we feel sure that he will be in Varsity's necktie parade this fall.

SLEMIN, "MONOHAN"—

Made a name for himself when he donned a Rugby uniform and turned out daily with the second team. Harry as well as being a Rugby player has taken up the new fad of "sea flea" racing, but so far has only managed to bust the boat. In his school standing he is rated as one of the best in the form. He holds the record for the greatest number of week-ends throughout the year. When not on leave Harry holds a librarian's position. We all hope he sells his speed boat or Varsity may lose one of it's would-be freshmen for the coming year.

WHITE, "HENRY"—

Although one of the youngest in the Upper Sixth, Henry is always in the money when it comes to exams. His favourite subject, Greek, which to most people is so difficult, is to him only a moderate mental test, and he finished his matriculation requirements in the first term. Henry also played Rugby and is now the dual rôle of captain and chief scorer of the second Cricket team. We are sorry that Henry was forced to miss so much school this year, but we feel this year's experience will be of great help to him in his scholarship work next year.

WHYTOCK, "SI"—

Came to the School when the School came to him and has accustomed himself to the life exceedingly well. Si's athletic ability gave him a place on the second Rugby team and he did his bit by turning out regularly.

Si is without a doubt a student and always manages to obtain the odd first-class honour. Together with his pal Brown he is a persistent member of the Camera Club and he produces some very fine results.

Si expects to continue with his studies at Varsity, but don't worry, we will see him again when he comes up for the prizes.

WILLIAMS, "HAL"—

Another Maritime product who talks of nothing else. He excels in maths, especially geometry, his proofs for which, to say the least, are original; and Uncle Ernie has praised him very highly on several occasions. Hal will no doubt turn out to be a hard-thinking, seldom-speaking philosopher and be a great credit to the old place if he is able to control his consumption of seaweed.

CADET CORPS

Officers:

Captain—K. W. McLandress.

Lieutenants—H. T. Carson, F. Crusan, D. Lough, J. H. Murphy,

C.S.M.—C. Smith I.

Sergeants—Detweiler I, Ellsworth, Grant I, Cox I.

O.C. Band—Lieut. G. G. Rolph. Drums: Kennedy; Bugles: Strathy; Pipes: Hume.

Cadet Instructor—Sergt. Major F. Millican, formerly of the Army Physical Training Staff, Aldershot, England.

This term brings to a close another successful year in the history of the Cadet Corps.

The Corps was comprised of eighty cadets, all ranks, and the band thirty-five, all ranks. The band showed exceptionally good form and goes down to history as one of the best we have had.

MARCHING THROUGH AURORA

Inspection, coming earlier this year than on previous years, did not look too promising until the last few days of drill, when remarkable progress was made.

The first parade was held on Sunday afternoon, May 20th, when we joined the Aurora Garrison Parade. After a short route-march, a march past was reviewed by Sir William Mulock, and then the parade marched to the United Church, where (Capt.) the Rev. J. R. Patterson delivered a stirring address.

On Saturday, May 26th, the Cadet Corps was inspected by Brig. Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Col. W. A. McCrimmon, D.C.O. In spite of the inclement weather the inspection was a success. The General Salute was given and then the Corps was inspected. After that followed the March Past, which was taken in column and close column of platoons. After the advance in review order the Corps was

inspected in company drill, arms drill, platoon and section drill. The band was then reviewed by Col. W. A. McCrimmon.

In finishing, General Bell congratulated the Corps on its general smartness and work, and above all for the steadiness on parade, which he said he had never seen excelled elsewhere in cadet work.

After the usual cadet pictures the officers and sergeants assisted Mrs. Macdonald at a tea given to her guests. The remainder of the Corps quickly lined up at the Tuck Shop, where a treat was given by Dr. Macdonald.

The last parade was held Sunday, May 27th, when the Corps held its annual church parade to St. Paul's Church, Toronto. The Corps formed up in Ramsden Park and moved off through Rosedale and down Huntley Street to Bloor Street and along Bloor to St. Paul's.

After the service His Honour the Lieut.-Governor took the salute from the steps of the church as the Corps marched past in column of platoons.

Returning, the Corps marched back to Elm Avenue and Huntley Street, where it was dismissed. K. W. McL.

PREFECTS

SPORTS DAY

On Wednesday afternoon of May the 16th at three o'clock on the quadrangle, our twenty-eighth annual Athletic Meet was held. Although the skies boded none too well, the light showers withheld until the last of a large crowd of visitors had departed. The unusually large number of entries and keen competition made the day a successful one.

The occasion was honoured by the presence of his honour Lieutenant-Governor Ross, and his lady, Mrs. Ross, very kindly presented the prizes

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS ON SPORTS DAY

as in previous years. The REVIEW offers its heartiest congratulations to Carson and Slingsby, who won the Senior and Junior championships respectively.

After the prizes had been awarded, the usual tea dance was held in the dining rooms until about six-thirty.

The following are the results of the different events:

LIST OF WINNERS

One Mile Run—1, Carson; 2, Giraldo; 3, James. Time, 5:22 2-5.
Half Mile Run—1, Carson; 2, Giraldo; 3, Heggie. Time, 2:15 3-5.

AN ACTION PICTURE *(By Mr. Samman)*

HUNDRED YARDS' DASH

220 Yds. Dash (under 17)—1, Rhynas; 2, Turnbull II; 3, Follett II. Time, 26 2-5.

220 Yds. Dash (Junior)—1, Slingsby; 2, Chubb; 3, Black. Time, 30 3-5.

440 Yds. Dash—1, Heggie; 2, Carson; 3, Giraldo. Time, 56 4-5.

220 Yds. Dash (Senior)—1, Heggie; 2, Crusan; 3, McCallum. Time, 24 4-5.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1, Loblaw; 2, Grant I. Distance, 321 ft. 10 in.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1, Chubb; 2, Sinclair II. Distance, 205 ft. 10 in.

Running High Jump (Junior)—1, Black; 2, Sinclair II; 3, Waller. Height, 4 ft. 3 in.

PREP. FORM HANDICAP

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—1, Carson; 2, Heggie; 3, Detweiler II. Distance, 9 ft. 2 in.

Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Chubb; 2, Black; 3, Ellis. Distance, 7 ft. 6½ in.

Running Broad Jump (Senior)—1, Carson; 2, Findlay; 3, Heggie. Distance, 17 ft. 3½ in.

Running Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Chubb; 2, Sinclair II; 3, Slingsby. Distance, 12 ft. 4 in.

Putting the Shot—1, Loblaw; 2, Grant I. Distance, 37 ft. 3 in.

100 Yds. Dash (under 17)—1, Rhynas; 2, Turnbull II; 3, Smith IV. Time, 11 4-5.

50 Yds. Dash (Preparatory forms)—1, Tuxford; 2, Straith II; 3, Richardson II.

100 Yds. Dash (Senior)—1, Heggie;; 2, Findlay and McCallum (dead heat). Time, 10 4-5.

Hurdles (under 16)—1, Clemes; 2, Choppin; 3, Annand.

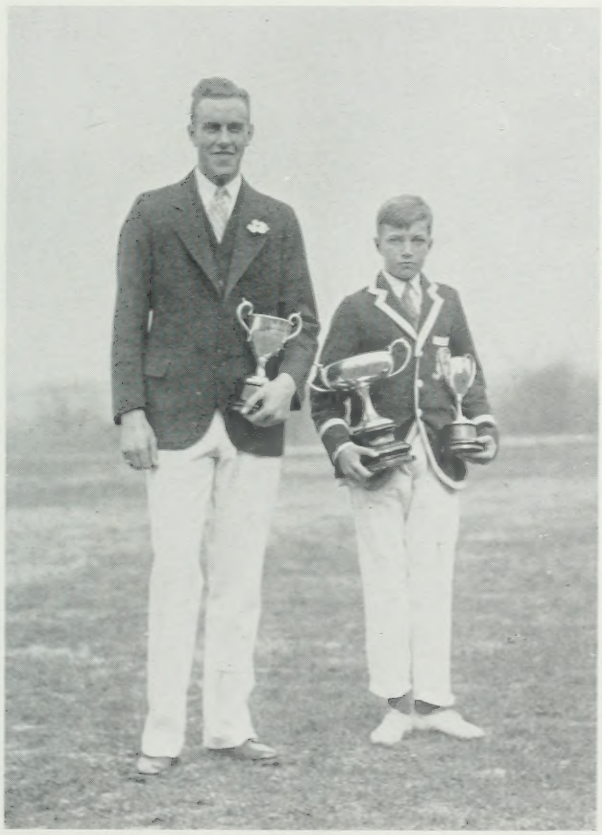
Running High Jump (Senior)—1, Carson; 2, McCallum; 3, Rhynas. Height, 5 ft. 2¾ in.

100 Yds. Dash (under 16)—1, Choppin; 2, Rea II; 3, Clemes. Time, 11 3-5.

Tower School Race (Handicap)—1, Straith II; 2, Barker; 3, Cave.

100 Yds. Dash (Junior)—1, Sinclair II; 2, Slingsby; 3, Thompson III. Time, 12 4.5.

Three-Legged Race (Prep.)—1, Straith I and Richardson II.



SENIOR AND JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

100 Yds. Dash (under 13)—1, Slingsby; 2, Graham III; 3, Tuxford. Time, 13 1-5.

Obstacle Race—1, Giraldo; 2, Gordon IV.

Three-Legged Race (Open)—1, Cox I and Follett I.

Sack Race—1, Hume; 2, Scythes.

Hurdle Race (Junior)—1, Slingsby; 2, Chubb; 3, Sinclair II.

Hurdle Race (Senior)—1, Turnbull II; 2, Heggie; 3, McCallum. Time, 19.

Old Boys' Race—1, Dennis; 2, Barber.

Table Relay Race—Prefect A. A. Foster's table.

Consolation Race (Junior)—1, Thompson III.

Consolation Race (Senior)—1, Gordon I.

Junior Championship—Slingsby—19 points.

Senior Championship—Carson—28 points.

F. C.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONS

RIDING

Now that the warm weather is here, riding is at its best, and everyone who enjoys this form of recreation is making use of the fine horses we have in our riding school. Because of the keenness for early morning rides, a committee had to be formed under the leadership of Mr. Cowan. This committee, with a representative in each house, allotted two mornings a week to each house. The plan has worked very well and many boys have been getting up early to go on these early rides.

We welcome this term as our new riding master Sergeant-Major Hogg, a rough-riding sergeant-major of the Royal Dragoons in the Imperial Army.

This term the Aurora Horse Show Committee very kindly presented two cups and a ribbon for the three best riders at the school. These prizes were contested for on Saturday, June 2nd, at the Horse Show in Aurora. After much deliberating the judges awarded the prizes to the following:

Ruddy—First prize.

Ross I—Second prize.

Richardson II—Third prize.

We would like to thank the Aurora Horse Show Committee for their kindness and interest in presenting these prizes for a class specially created for St. Andrew's boys.

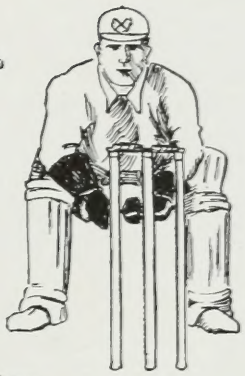
H. H. Ross.

"THE ANNEX"

LITERARY SOCIETY

ATHLETIC SOCIETY

CRICKET



Owing to a late Spring, all practices prior to the first game on April 28th took place indoors. There are two old colours back only, Rolph, the Captain, and Foster, the Vice-Captain. Despite this, the team has attained a very high standard, being successful in games against Rosedale, Yorkshire, Toronto C.C., Grace Church, and Trinity College Schools, the only defeat so far being at the hands of McGill C.C. (the Dominion Champions) at Montreal, the margin being 60 runs.

Our strength this year has been greatly enhanced by the inclusion of R. Grant, who, up to date, June 6th, has scored 399 runs, his average being 66. He has also taken 35 wickets to date at about 6 runs each; his highest score being 135 (not out) against Grace Church. This constitutes a record. The aggregate score of 324 runs against the same team on May 24th creates another record for total number of runs scored in one innings.

Rolph, our Captain, has been very good with both bat and ball. The team has been performing in excellent style under his guidance. Foster, the other old colour, has been playing with confidence and success. The keenness and adabtibility of the remainder and their steady improvement bodes well for the future.

Harry Davis, our professional, has worked unremittingly and with his customary zeal, and a very marked improvement is rewarding his efforts. The weather, on the whole, has not been good, but this has been compensated for to a great extent by the keenness and the spirit of the team.

O'S.

THE FIRST ELEVEN

S.A.C. *versus* ROSEDALE C.C.

On April 28th, 1928, the first team played the opening game of the season against the Rosedale C.C. on the latter's grounds.

This opening game showed up several good players who were new to the side. Foster was the best batter of the day, getting 37. The other players to reach double figures were Grant, Robertson and Parker. Rosedale then went to bat, but were only able to score 41 runs against our own 131. Rolph bowled 2 for 19, and Grant 7 for 18. It might be mentioned that four of our old colours were playing for Rosedale, Fisher getting 28 of Rosedale's total. H.F.W.

ST. ANDREW'S

Grant, R. S., c. Cover, b. McLean	18
Robertson, S. F., c. Milliken, b. McLean	12
Foster, A. A., bowled by Ruthven	37
Rolph, G. G., c. Ruthven, b. Shenton	6
MacDougall, R. A., c. Gibson, b. Fisher	8
Strathy, E. B., c. Sub, b. Ruthven	4
James, G., L.B.W., b. Cover	0
Ellsworth, G. E., c. McLean, b. Shenton	4
Parker, J., not out	13
Murphy, J. H., L.B.W., Shenton	0
Lough, C. D., c. Milliken, b. Greene	4
Extras	25
Total	131

ROSEDALE

McLean, bowled by Grant	0
Gibson, c. Foster, b. Grant	2
Green, bowled by Grant	0
Shenton, bowled by Grant	7
Fisher, not out	28
Cover, L.B.W., b. Rolph	0
Ruthven, bowled by Grant	0
Milliken, bowled by Grant	0
Sprott, c. Rolph, b. Grant	0
Rea, bowled by Rolph	0
Extras	4
Total	41

S.A.C. *versus* TORONTO C.C.

The next game was played on the grounds of the Toronto C.C. on Saturday, May 5th. Although the weather was unfavourable, the team

played very well, defeating the strong Toronto eleven by 30 runs. Grant's display in this game ought to be mentioned. At the bat he scored 46 runs, and then in bowling got 8 wickets for twenty runs; also he accomplished that rare feat, a "hat-trick," bowling Lough, Sprague and Wookey with three successive balls. Rolph played very well, scoring 22 runs and bowling 2 for 27. Armstrong was their best batter, being "not out" at the close of the innings with 27 runs to his credit.

H.F.W.

ST. ANDREW'S

Grant, R. S., c. Rutherford, b. Biggar	46
Robertson, S. F., bowled by Biggar	2
Foster, A. A., c. Armstrong, b. Martin	1
Rolph, G. G., L.B.W., Wookey	22
Ellsworth, G. E., bowled by Martin	4
Strathy, E. B., bowled by Wookey	5
Parker, J., L.B.W., Wookey	0
Gordon, T. A., bowled by Wookey	0
MacDougall, R. A., not out	1
Murphy, J. H., c. Logie, b. Wookey	0
James, G. F., c. Wookey, b. Rutherford	0
Extras	7
Total	88

TORONTO

Biggar, L.B.W., Grant	0
Armstrong, not out	27
Rutherford, bowled by Grant	6
Dodge, L.B.W., Grant	9
Logie, bowled by Grant	0
Tucker, bowled by Rolph	1
Venables, bowled by Rolph	0
Martin, bowled by Grant	0
Lough, bowled by Grant	6
Sprague, bowled by Grant	0
Wookey, bowled by Grant	0
Extras	9
Total	58

S.A.C. *versus* YORKSHIRE C.C.

On the following Saturday the team played Yorkshire on our own grounds. In this game Yorkshire obtained 100 against our score of 102 runs for two wickets. Of this total Grant was responsible for 67 "not out" and Foster for 28. Since the visitors only left an hour for us to obtain victory, and as we only needed 7 runs at the call of time, the visitors were sportsmen enough to play on for a few more overs.

The visitors' best batsman was G. Percival, our old colour, who amassed 49 runs. The bowling analyses was again quite good, Grant getting 5 for 34 and Rolph 5 for 40. H.F.W.

YORKSHIRE

Perkins, V, bowled by Rolph	0
Percival, G., c. and b. Rolph	49
Percival, L., bowled by Rolph	0
Delahunty, W. bowled by Rolph	6
Smith, W. R., bowled by Grant	15
Yaxley, S., bowled by Grant	3
Clark, L., bowled by Grant	9
Walker, S., bowled by Rolph	0
Barrett, W., bowled by Grant	4
Kerslake, W., c. Lough, b. Grant	0
Stainsby, W., not out	2
Extras	12
Total	100

ST. ANDREW'S

Grant, R. S., not out	67
Strathy, bowled by Smith	0
Foster, A. A., bowled by Barrett	28
Rolph, G. G., not out	3
Robertson did not bat	
Ellsworth did not bat	
Parker did not bat	
Lough did not bat	
Gordon did not bat	
James did not bat	
Broome did not bat	
Extras	4
Total	102

S.A.C. *versus* GRACE CHURCH C.C.

On Empire Day, our first all-day match, we played Grace Church, defeating them by 324 to 47. It appeared as if the team had been waiting for the day and were determined to celebrate in some way, since Dr. Macdonald had forbidden fireworks. No less than six of our batsmen retired, and no less than eight reached double figures, Grant getting 135, Rolph 37 and Strathy 35. In this game two school records were broken, the total number of runs and Grant's excellent innings, which surpasses the previous record by 10 runs. Rochement was their best batsman with 17. Grant was our best bowler with 5 for 20, while Rolph got 5 for 24. H.F.W.

ST. ANDREW'S

Grant, R. S., retired	135
MacDougall, R. A., c. Brownlaw, b. Beardall	5
Foster, A. A., c. Melville, b. Beardall	0
Rolph, G. G., c. Melville, b. Beardall	37
Strathy, E. B., retired	35
Ellsworth, G. S., bowled by Paris	14
Robertson, S. F., retired	12
Parker, J., retired	17
Lough, C. D., hit wkt., b. Beardall	10
James, G. F., retired	18
Murphy, J. H., retired	5
Extras	34
Total	324

GRACE CHURCH

Beardall, bowled by Rolph	4
Brownlaw, c. Lough, b. Rolph	0
Tonks, bowled by Rolph	9
Rochemont, bowled by Grant	17
Melville, L.B.W., Rolph	4
Paris, bowled by Grant	5
Holmes, bowled by Grant	0
Warren, bowled by Grant	3
Burt, not out	2
Preston, bowled by Grant	0
Murphy, L.B.W., Rolph	0
Extras	3
Total	47

S.A.C. *versus* McGILL C.C.

Played at Montreal on May 30th. Although we tackled the Dominion Champions and were beaten by 61 runs, nevertheless this performance was highly creditable. Rolph with 25, was highest scorer in the first innings, although in the second Grant hit up 81 in 46 minutes. The game, however, was decided on the first innings. Rolph took 5 wickets for 52, and Grant 5 for 65. For McGill, Wanstall and Munroe batted well, making 41 and 46 respectively. These two batsmen saved the game for McGill, who at one stage lost 7 wickets for 34 runs.

St. Andrew's

Grant, R. S., L.B.W., Kleine	13
Strathy, E. B., c. Probyn, b. Mitchell	13
McDougal, R. A., c. Mitchell, b. Mitchell	0
Rolph, G. G., c. Hinton, b. Mitchell	25
Ellsworth, G. E., b. Bott	5
Parker, J., L.B.W., Bott	0
Cosgrave, J. L., L.B.W., Mitchell	2
Robertson, S. F., not out	6
James, G. F., bowled by Mitchell	0
Lough, C. D., bowled by Mitchell	0
Murphy, J. H., bowled by Mitchell	3
Extras	10
Total	67

McGill

Ryan, bowled by Rolph	8
Kleine, bowled by Grant	0
Parkin, L.B.W., Rolph	11
Bott, bowled by Rolph	2
Meigs, c. Murphy, b. Rolph	0
Hinton, c. and b. Grant	9
Probyn, c. Rolph, b. Grant	0
Wanstall, c. Murphy, b. Grant	41
Munroe, not out	46
Marsters, bowled by Grant	3
Mitchell, bowled by Rolph	2
Extras	6
Total	128

ST. ANDREW'S (Second innings)

Grant, c. Munroe, b. Kleine	81
Murphy, bowled by Mitchell	1
Strathy, L.B.W., Kleine	0
Rolph, bowled by Kleine	1
Ellsworth, not out	8
Robertson, c. Kleine, b. Mitchell	2
McDougall, not out	1
James did not bat	
Parker did not bat	
Lough did not bat	
Cosgrave did not bat	
Extras	2
Total	96

T.C.S. v. S.A.C.

On Saturday, June 2nd, we played our first Little Big Four cricket match against Trinity College School on our grounds. In spite of a cool wind and a rather unfavourable-looking sky, both teams displayed fine cricket. S.A.C. batted first and ran up a total of 176 runs. The highest individual score was made by Rolph, the captain, with 56. Our other players to reach double figures were: Grant I, Strathy, Foster, Ellsworth and Murphy. Trinity's innings brought them 91 runs, of which Thompson, their captain, scored 55. Grant I bowled very well, getting 5 for 50, while Rolph had 4 for 39. Osler was their best bowler, with 4 for 37. F.C.

S.A.C.

Grant, c. McLarin, b. Osler	26
Strathy, L.B.W., b. Osler	26
Foster, st. Thompson, b. Osler	12
Rolph, c. Thompson, b. Wily	56
Ellsworth, L.B.W., b. Martin	11
Robertson, b. Wily	1
McDougall, c. and b. Wily	0
Parker, st. Thompson, b. Martin	0
Lough, played on, b. Wily,	3
James, not out	7
Murphy, st. Thompson, b. Martin	18
Extras	16
Total	176

T.C.S.

Thompson, b. Grant	55
Osler, b. Ellsworth	14
Martin, L.B.W., b. Grant	1
Elliot, c. Parker, b. Grant	0
Turnbull, b. Grant	2
Cameron, b. Rolph	6
McLaren, c. Rolph, b. Grant	0
McMullen, c. and b. Rolph	0
Wily, c. James, b. Rolph	0
Johnson, not out	6
Russel, c. Grant, b. Rolph	1
Extras	6
Total	91

S.A.C. *vs.* B.R.C.

On Saturday, June 9th, our First Team migrated to St. Catharine's to play their second Little Big Four cricket match against Bishop Ridley College. B.R.C. batted first and rolled up a score of 60 runs. S A.C. failed by only 6 to equal their opponents' score and were all out for 54. As there was still over two hours left, Ridley went in and more than doubled their first, making 137. The highest number of runs on St. Andrew's team was made by Grant, who got 29. James also reached the double figures, making 10. McAvity scored highest for Ridley with 11, while Hardy scored 30 in the second innings. Rolph and Grant were our outstanding bowlers, getting 5 for 24 and 3 for 13 respectively in the first innings, and 2 for 22 and 7 for 81 in the second. Mercer bowled well for B.R.C. with his 5 for 39, and McAvity got 2 for 4 runs.

F.C.

B.R.C.

McAvity, c. Grant, b. Rolph	11	Innes, b. Grant	3
Bell mi, b. Rolph	6	Hayes, run out	8
Fischer, b. Grant	5	Lubosits, run out	9
Bell ma, c. Cosgrave, b. Rolph	1	Mercer, not out	1
Hardy, c. and b. Rolph	6	Extras	5
Robinson, l.b.w., b. Rolph	0		
O'Flynn, b. Grant	5	Total	60

S.A.C.

Grant, c. Hayes, b. Mercer	29	Robertson, run out	3
Strathy, c. Bell mi, b. McAvity	1	Murphy, b. Mercer	0
Ellsworth, l.b.w., b. Mercer	0	McDougall, not out	0
Rolph, c. Fischer, b. McAvity ..	3	Lough, l.b.w., b. Mercer	0
Cosgrave, run out	1	Extras	3
Foster, b. Bell	4		
James, b. Mercer	10	Total	54

B.R.C. (2nd innings)

McAvity, b. Grant	18
Bell mi, L.B.W., b. Grant	3
O'Flynn, b. Rolph	6
Innes, b. Grant	0
Hardy, c. McDougall, b. Grant	30
Fischer, L.B.W., b. Grant	9
Bell ma, b. Grant	17
Robinson, c. Rolph, b. Grant	4
Hayes, not out	15
Lubosits, b. Rolph	16
Mercer, c. Lough, b. Ellsworth	7
Extras	12
Total	137

THE SECOND ELEVEN

The Second eleven, in spite of a late start, has had a most satisfactory season. Of the four matches already played we have won two and lost one, while an interesting match at Appleby was abandoned on account of rain.

May 9th. S.A.C. v. U.C.C. at St. Andrew's

S.A.C.

Broome, L.B.W., b. Dinnick	13
Cosgrave, run out	3
White, c. Carr, b. Dinnick	8
Sprott, c. Carr, b. Dinnick	2
Rea I, c. Allan, b. Haycock	7
Rea II, b. Haycock	2
Lough, c. Stewart, b. Haycock	4
McDonald II, c. Stewart, b. Boeckh	2
Hume, c. Carr, b. Haycock	4

Turnbull II, c. Allan, b. Haycock 0
Sinclair I, not out 0
Leg Byes 4

Total 49

U.C.C.

Walsh I, retired 29
Morden, c. Turnbull, b. Rea I 4
Boeckh, b. White 6
Baker, c. Rea I, b. Rea II 1
Dinnick, c. Rea I, b. White 30
Allan, c. Rea I, b. White 4
Woodsworth, c. Sprott, b. Rea I 6
Carr, not out 28
Blair, not out 10
Stewart did not bat .....
Haycock did not bat .....
Byes 4
Leg Byes 1
Wide Balls 1

Total for 7 wkts. 124

May 19th. S.A.C. v. LAKEFIELD AT LAKEFIELD

S.A.C. 39
Lakefield 38

May 30th. S.A.C. v. APPLEBY AT APPLEBY

APPLEBY

Cantlie, not out 25
Price, c. Loblaw, b. Broome 20
Harrison, c. Loblaw, b. Broome 0
Newlands, L.B.W., b. Rea I 13
Lawson, c. Rea II, b. White 19
Saunders, st. Sprott, b. Rea II 0
Orr, not out 26
Wides 1

Total for 6 wkts. 104

S.A.C.

Chubb, not out	2
Follett, hit wkt.	0
Loblaw, not out	3
Extras	2
Total for 1 wkt.	7

S.A.C. v. LAKEFIELD AT S.A.C.

LAKEFIELD

Dawson I, c. Rea II, b. Edwards	0
Pringle, c. and b. Edwards	1
Peck, b. Rea II	24
Smith, b. Rea I	7
Bagg, c. Follett, b. Rea II	3
Elmsley, c. Broome, b. Rea II	4
Tavery, c. Sprott, b. Broome	0

SECOND ELEVEN

Hunt, c. Gordon III, b. Rea II	3
Dalley, b. Rea II	0
Macrae, c. Broome, b. Gordon III	0
Boyer, not out	0
Leggat, b. Rea II	0
Total	43

S.A.C.

Broome, b. Peck	0
Rea I, retired	30
White, c. Bagg, b. Dawson	10
Gordon III, L.B.W., b. Dawson	10
Rea II, b. Peck	10
Sprott, b. Peck	3
Loblaw, b. Peck	6
McDonald, c. Bagg, b. Dawson	1
Chubb, c. Lavery, b. Peck	0
Follett I, not out	1
Edwards, b. Peck	5
Marsh, b. Dawson	2
Extras	1
Total	49

Bowling—Rea II 6 wkts. for 6 runs.
Captain—White.
Vice-Captain—Sprott.
Manager—Innes.

THIRD AND FOURTH TEAMS

Owing to bad weather neither of these teams were able to play off any of their fixtures up to date this season.

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET

S.A.C. v. T.C.S. at Port Hope

T.C.S. batted first and made runs rapidly on a hard wicket, retiring at 92 runs for 8 wickets. The S.A.C. fielding was rather poor. Cox II went in first for S.A.C. and was unluckily run out in the first over. Waller and Armstrong then made a stand, but the only other member of the team to make a noticeable score was Gould. S.A.C. were all out for 41. The most notable feature of the game was Slingsby's bowling —4 for 41.

S.A.C. v. T.C.S. at Aurora

S.A.C. batted first. Cox was given out l.b.w. very soon, but Waller and Armstrong again made a stand, until Armstrong was compelled to retire hurt. Preston also batted well, and Slingsby stayed in for a long time, playing excellent cricket, but the rest of the team came out rather easily, final score being 37. T.C.S. then went in and made 62, the score at one time standing at 35 for 7. Cox—7 wkts. for 25 runs, and Slingsby —3 wkts. for 25 runs; both bowled well.

S.A.C. v. APPLEBY SCHOOL at Aurora

S.A.C. batted first, Waller and Armstrong again staying together for some time after several batsmen had got out; but matters looked pretty hopeless until Preston and Gould got together after the sixth wicket had fallen and put on 22 runs in a short time. S.A.C. were all out for 44. Appleby then went in and made 73, Slingsby taking 6 wkts. for 33 runs, Cox 4 wkts. for 41. The fielding in this game was excellent.

LOWER SCHOOL ELEVEN

OLD BOYS' NEWS

BIRTHS

DUNCAN—On June 1st, at Syracuse, N.Y., to Mr. and Mrs. John Moyne Duncan, a son.

ROLPH—On Friday, March 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Rolph, 276 Grey Avenue, Montreal, a son.

DAVISON—On March 28th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Arnold Davison (nee Kathleen Bicknell), a daughter.

MCPHERSON—On April 1st, 1928, at 9 Cluny Drive, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. McPherson, a daughter.

MACLACHLAN—On Saturday, April 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Maclachlan of St. Catharines, a daughter.

WILKES—On 2nd May, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs F. Hilton Wilkes, a son.

LEISHMAN—To Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Leishman, 50 Inglewood Drive, Sunday, May 13th, a son.

NORRIE—On Tuesday, May 15th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Norrie, Manatee, Fla., a daughter.

CROSBIE—To Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Crosbie, St. John's, Newfoundland, a daughter.

WEST—On May 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard T. West, a daughter.

MACDONALD—On Thursday, May 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon G. Macdonald, 88 Indian Grove, a daughter (Jean Christian).

MCINTOSH—At 54 Samuel Street, Kitchener, on Friday, May 25, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Graham McIntosh, a son.

MARRIAGES

INGS—ATKINSON—On Thursday, March 22nd, at the Presbyterian Church, Richmond Hill, Alfreda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Atkinson, Richmond Hill, to Mr. Jasper Harold Ings, B.Sc.

COWAN—BUTLER—On Thursday, March 29th, at Aurora, Reginald Barnes Cowan married to Miss Vera Maude Butler, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ford Butler of Aurora.

DUNNING—HOLTBY—On Wednesday, April the 11th, at Trinity United Church, by Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Adele Beatrice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Holtby, to Dr. Charles Sutherland Dunning.

GALLAGHER—INNES—On Saturday, April 14th, at St. Paul's Church, Simcoe, Ontario, Frances Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Innes, to T. Harold Gallagher.

HOWELL—STONE—In May, 1928, in the Chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, John E. Howell married to Miss Elizabeth Louise Stone of Chatham, Ont.

BLACK—BREDIN—On June 6th, 1928, Russell T. Black married to Miss Jessie Irene Bredin.

FINDLEY—BULL—On Wednesday, June 6th, Allan Gilmour Findley, to Miss Margaret Maude Bull, of Toronto.

NOTES

(We regret that the Old Boys' Notes are so scanty this time. If any of our friends who have items of news concerning Old Boys would send them to us, c-o Miss Brookes, we should be very grateful.)

I. D. Willis is now with Borneo Co., Bangkok, Siam, representing the Swedish Match Co.

F. B. Jackson is with the Firm, Jackson & Dexter, General Insurance, 465 Bay St.

D. B. CARLYLE has been elected Chairman of the Canadian Export Club, of Toronto, "Tif" Findlay is second vice-president.

J. P. Bickell, "one of Canada's prominent mining capitalists, a director of cement companies and partner in a brokerage concern in New York," has been appointed a director of the Bank of Commerce.

Kenneth F. Maclaren is president of H. F. Maclaren & Co., Ltd., Investment Securities, and is also Vice-President of Robins Ltd.

Jack Beer, who graduated with honours in Political Science at Toronto, goes to Cambridge in the autumn. For the month of August he will act as secretary for Prof. Fay at the School for Politics at Williamstown, Mass.

Exchanges

Although we have not received many exchanges this term, the ones which were sent us have been of a very high standard.

Acta Ridleiana ..... Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

A magazine of which you must be justly proud. Your cuts are excellent and the articles even better.

Argus ..... Appleby School, Oakville, Ont.

A few more pictures would improve your already excellent little magazine.

Bennet Beacon ..... Bennet High School, Buffalo, N.Y.

Your magazine reflects the spirit of your school, and in every way it is worthy of congratulations.

The Collegiate ..... Sarnia Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, Ont.

The best all-round exchange this term.

The Limit ..... Loughborough College, Loughborough, Eng.

We are always glad to find time to look over your most instructive and also amusing publication.

Tech Flash ..... Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, N.S.

Always good. Come again!

Year Book ....Windsor and Walkerville Technical Schools, Windsor, Ont.

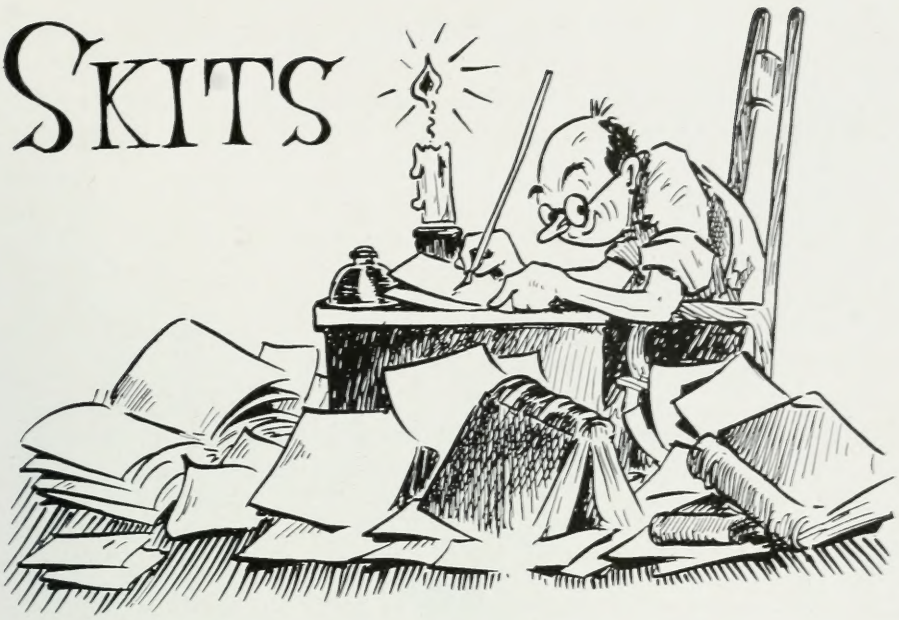
You have set a very high standard with your interesting magazine.

We also reviewed the following:—

Acta Victoriana ..... Victoria College, U. of T.
Acadia Athenaeum ..... Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
Acta Nostra ..... Guelph Collegiate Institute, Guelph, Ont.
Broadcaster ..... Homestead High School, Homestead, Pa., U.S.A.
Grove Chronicle ..... L.P.S., Lakefield, Ont.
The Eagle ..... Bedford Modern School, Bedford, Eng.
Horae Scholasticae ..... St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., U.S.A.
Oracle ..... Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.
St. Paul's College Record ..... St. Paul's College, Covington, La., U.S.A.
Northland Echo ..... North Bay Collegiate Institute, North Bay, Ont.

F.W.L.B.

SKITS



Mr. Leathers—Look here, Findlay, why can't you behave yourself?

Findlay—If you forget to give us homework to-night I will, sir.

Mr. Leathers—Very well, but why can't you be like Hanna—good for nothing?

Mr. Chapman—Now, Gordon, how can you save a man from drowning?

Bruce—Hang him.

Detweiler II—Say, Si, why do you call Brown "Capillary tube?"

Whytock—Why, because he's a small bore.

Mr. Findlay—Birch you might write a composition on George Young's great feat.

Birch—Yes, sir, what size did he wear?

Mr. Fleming's idea of the outlook of the Upper Sixth:—

When macaroni grows on ice cream trees,
When Sahara sands are muddy,
When cats and dogs wear overshoes,
That's when they'd like to study.

The only difference between Detweiler I and II is that Secundus is a manly boy and Primus is a boily man.

Mr. Goodman—You missed my class yesterday.
Piggott—Not in the least, sir, not in the least.

Mr. Laidlaw—Put that apple out of sight, Loblaw.
Loblaw—That's what I am trying to do, sir.

Case—Can a person be punished for something they don't do, sir?
Mr. Robinson—Why, of course not.
Case—That's fine, I didn't do my homework.

Mr. Fleming—Bowman, what's a half of one-tenth?
Bill—I don't know exactly, sir, but it can't be very much.

"Well, it won't be long now!"

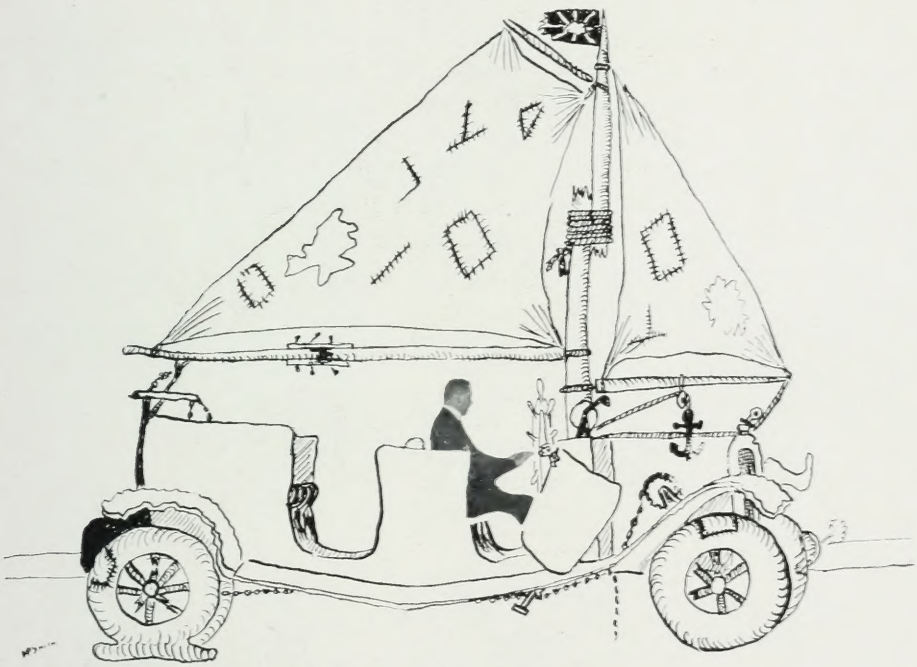
Mr. Leathers—Expand the expression *qu'a-t-il*.
Ellsworth—Factorial *que*, sir.

Cosgrave—I say, old chap, will you drive me to Aurora?
Detweiler I—Sure, if I can find some harness big enough.

Mr. Goodman (to Science class)—One little slip with this substance would blow us sky high. Come in closer, boys, so that you can follow me better.

Barber—Will I cut your hair close?
Lorway—No, as far away as possible, please.

Mr. O'Sullivan—Look here, McCallum, do you think you are teaching this class?
Red—No, sir.
Mr. O'Sullivan—Then sit down and don't be such a duffer.



THE OLD BOAT

Bowman I—Take my seat.
Lady—I get off at the next stop too.

Twin II—Have you run amuck?
Twin III—How far is that?

Gordie—I guess I'll have to give up drinking coffee.
Andy—How's' that?
Gordie—I can't sleep in class any more.

Weiner—I spent ten dollars yesterday on a canary.
Cogg—That's nothing, I spent fifty on a lark.

Our idea of "busy" is a one-armed man trying to put up an umbrella in a hurricane.

Published without permission of the writer—

St. Andrew's College,
May ——

Dear Mother—

I hope everybody is well. You know I am in great need of a little money. I went to church yesterday, but of course didn't have any collection. It makes me feel so embarrassed.

What do you think, mum, I made the cadet corps this year. It sure was hard work to get on, but a little extra grit and determination pulled me through. That ought to be worth a fiver.

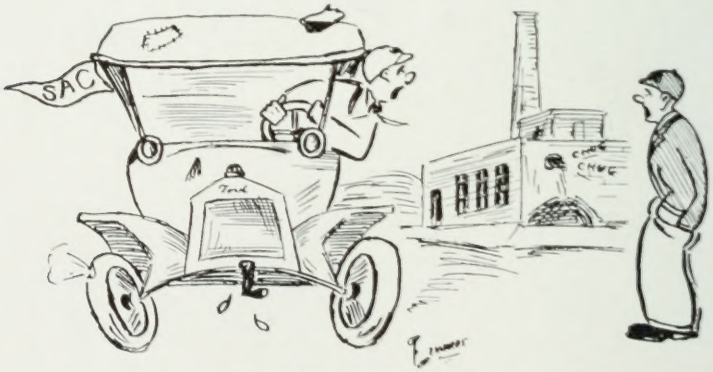
Don't forget that I will be home on the twenty-fourth. Be sure and leave a couple of bucks in my room if you are not going to be in, as I am flat as a billiard table.

The Leafs are sure doing great, eh, ma. I won three smacks on the skeeter game yesterday.

Well, good-bye for now. I don't think there is any more news.

Your Loving Son,

P.S.—Don't forget the money.



TOM - WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NEW FORD, G.B?
G.B - DARNED UNCANNY!!

Mr. Fleming—Is Bowman I here?

Bill—Yes, sir.

Mr. Fleming—Fine! That is the first question that you've answered this term.

Straith II (to Mr. Cowan, who is about to smite the ball)—Pardon me, sir, but just what are you driving at?

Mr. Leathers—Now, Girvan, you know that you must not have your light on after I put it out.

Gussie—Thank you, sir, merely wanted the door open.

Prince George, sir?
No, Ken Case, Montreal.

Rolph—Is this dog a genuine bloodhound?

Sgt. Major—Why, certainly. Come, Oscar! Bleed for the gentleman.

One of those wise Upper Flat boys says that Scythes generally speaking is generally speaking.

Don. Carlos—How in heck are we going to divide these five potatoes between the nine of us?

Kingston—Mashem.

Mr. O'Sullivan says that Mr. Laidlaw sits up so late at his radio that he uses the setting up exercises for a bedtime story.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've all heard that before,
But not the time she passed her plate
And had a little more.

Master (in Scripture class)—Now, Barclay, what can you tell me about Aaron?

Barclay—His name was first in the telephone book, sir.

A "MASTERPIECE"

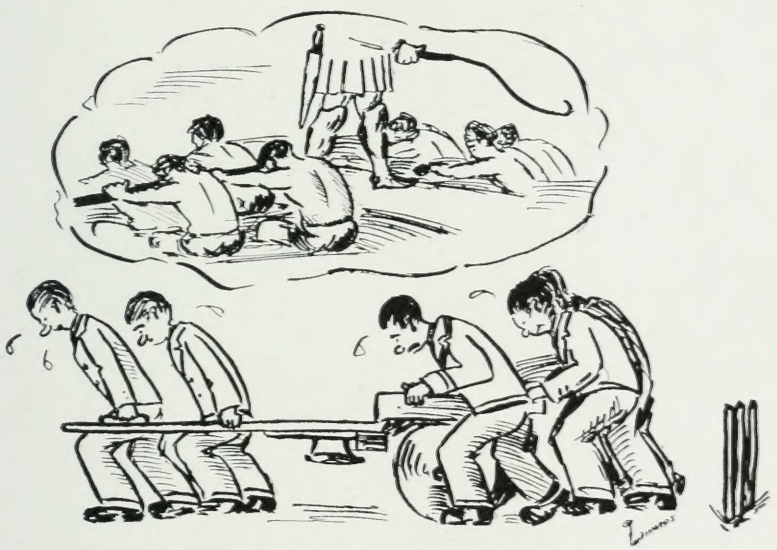
Smith I—Say, Spud, what do you think your greatest sin is?

Murphy—Well, I guess vanity is: you know I spend hours every day admiring my good looks.

Smith I—Say, that's not vanity; that's imagination.

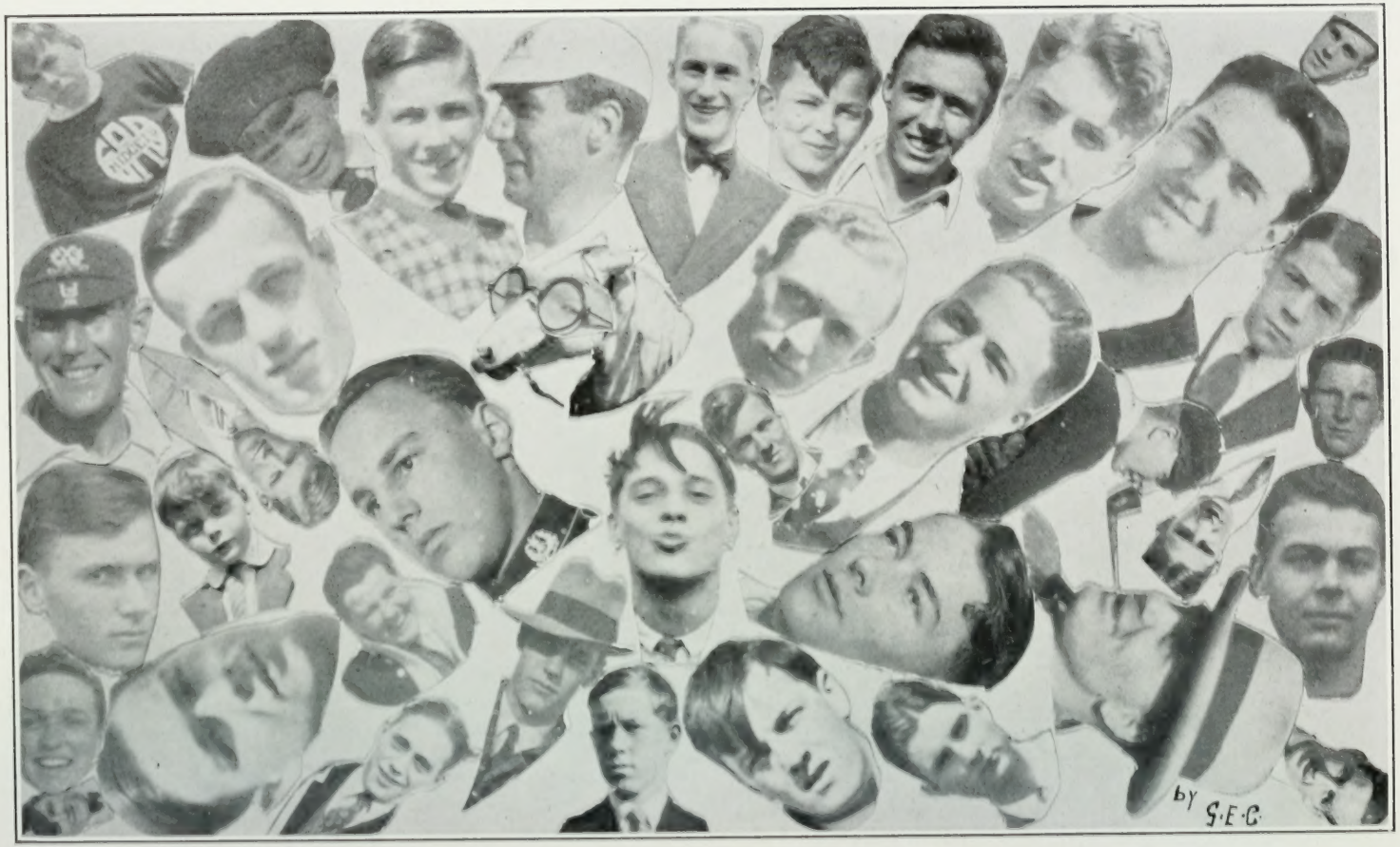
Mr. Fleming—Why don't you answer my question?
Marsh—Well, I shook my head, sir.
Mr. F.—And do you expect me to hear it rattle up here?

Things we are thankful for—
That Euclid isn't twins.
That Bascom doesn't realize his own strength.
That the rising bell isn't loud enough to wake us up.
That the grace is in Latin.
That we are not forced to eat fish.
That Queen Victoria had a birthday.
That the college is not 60 miles from the city.
That Girvan controls his inner passions.



Herb.—Got a picture of my girl to-day.
Red—How does she look?
Herb.—Dunno, I haven't had it developed yet.

Heggie—You know, Ken., yesterday at the tea-dance my garter fell down.
McLandress—Golly! you must have been embarrassed.
Heggie—Not at all, my roommate had them on.



AFTER ALL, IT TAKES ALL SORTS TO MAKE A SCHOOL

Benny—My shirt is just the same as yours, Frank.
Crusan—No, it isn't'—mine is clean.

Spud—The first cricket-game was started in London in the thirteenth century.
Smitz—Who's winning?

Scythes—You know, dear, I am a man of few words.
Sweet Thing—Yes, and you keep them mighty busy.

A Pressing Engagement.

Important News Item—

On Wednesday, the twenty-third of May, a picked team from the Anti-cricket League, under the stellar captainship of Mr. Jack Follett, seriously defeated the College Second team in a very exciting match. The Seconds, under the leadership of Captain White, felt their defeat keenly and have asked for a return game, which is to be played in the near future. The victorious team, which is now known as the Thirds, credit their overwhelming success to their coach, Mr. Laidlaw.

LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

The chief misfortunes which have visited the Lower School this term have fallen upon the windows, owing to the misdirected energy of base-

ball enthusiasts. As a consequence we have even less to say for ourselves than usual.

We learn that Grant II, Sabiston and Stanfield have decided that it was not worth going all that way down to the basement.

Replying to a question Morriss is reported to have said that school is a place where no one is ever in a hurry.

Morrison and Vowell burn incense in their room every evening.

We have heard it rumoured that Waller recently spoke most severely to a certain master for being late for class.

We hope Gordon IV now knows which side of a window is the safest.

Straith II—Come on, Morriss, let's go see if they've finished breakfast.

We are asked to deny that Forbes has been asked to take over the management of the Prep. Form next year.

A Hole in One.

Master—Holton, that hand is dirty. Go and wash it.
Holton—Which hand?

We wonder why Goulding is never punished for punning.

Preston—I hear you've got five hours' detention.
Armstrong (exhibiting work card)—On paper—yes.

A new labour-saving device has been invented by the kitchen. They put pop corn in the pancakes so they'll turn over by themselves.

Forbes—Did you ever row a bicycle?
Graham II—You don't row a bicycle.
Forbes—I rode Choppin's the other day.

Correct these sentences—

"I never look at a girl twice," said Ely.

"He charged me ninety-eight cents. I gave him a dollar and told him to keep the change," said Bill Sinclair.

"No, I will not have another biscuit, thank you," said Hill.

"It's a swell day," whispered Pugh.

Master (on hike)—There are several flowers and plants which have the prefix "dog," such as dog-rose, dog-tooth violet, etc. Do you know any others?

Cohen II—Yes, sir. Collie flowers.

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET

(Additional item)

S.A.C. v. APPLEBY SCHOOL

This match was played at Appleby and resulted in a remarkably close finish, our team winning out by two runs. The batting on both sides was poor, scores for the two innings being S.A.C. 32 and 55; Appleby 44 and 41. Our fielding and bowling, on the other hand, were very good. Slingsby, 7 wkts. for 30 runs, and Cox II, 7 wkts. for 22 runs, kept a good length throughout, and Gordon IV, Flemming and Cox II all made good catches.

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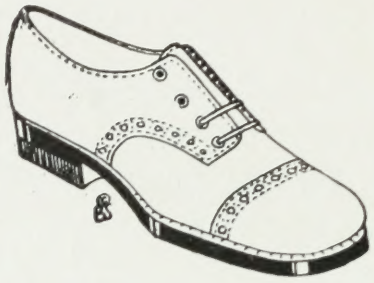

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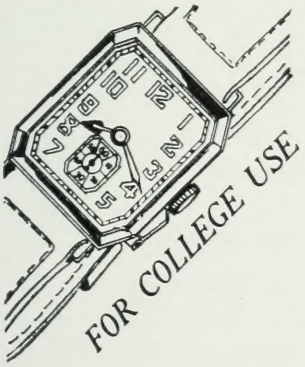

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We offer cricketers this season an unusually choice selection of the World's finest cricket bats, including **Roy Kilner, Britain's Best** and **J. B. Hobbs' Autograph.**

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While this preparation is most effective, it is quite harmless.

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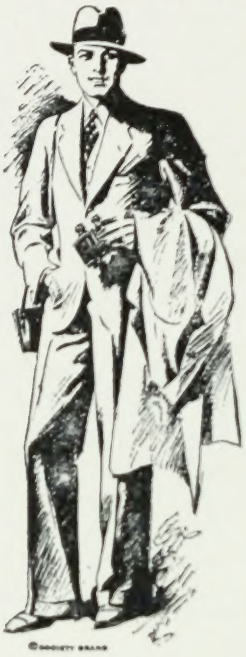

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FLASHING, 20-year nickel, rich, radiant enamel—green, blue, maroon or black with snappy gold trim. Graceful and strong in every line, C. C. M. Bicycles look the part they undertake to fill, and that is to be the quality-bicycles of Canada, with no superiors anywhere.

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Equipped with padded top, long suspension, motor bike saddle; Hercules brake, the famous Triplex hanger, Gibson one-piece, non-rusting aluminum pedals; top quality roller chain; sewn leather hand grips, drop side, automobile design mudguards with raised centre; Dunlop tires; steel rims; stylish, forged fork crown; drop-curved top bar—the bicycle that grows with the boy.

SAFETY FIRST

10 Commandments for Cyclists

1. Keep to the right and near the curb.
2. Meeting traffic, pass on right; overtaking traffic, pass on left.
3. Turn right close to curb. Turn left around centre of intersections.
4. Raise one arm when stopping and slowing up and to indicate direction when turning.
5. Ride straight. Don't wobble.
6. Watch for STOP signs and traffic officers' signals.
7. Give traffic coming from right the right of way at intersections.
8. Do not hang on to moving vehicles.
9. Don't "cut in" in front of a moving car.
10. Keep your feet on the pedals—your hands on the handlebars.

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4-Wheel Brakes

Amazing economy
More Miles Per Gallon
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Greater beauty
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6 Different Body Styles

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New Reduced Prices on Whippet Fours and Sixes

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TAILORED specially for the College chap—regular 3-piece suit of rich looking tweeds, in the smartest style, with a pair of golf knickers for sports wear.

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Boys Clothing Dept.,

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Perfectly cut and tailored to the specifications of boys at school are Edgleys' Suits and Overcoats and made of the best Imported Materials.

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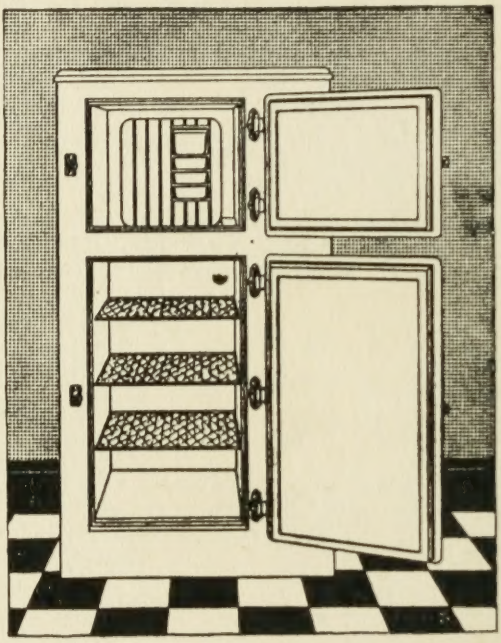
We specialize in Riding Suits for boys. All our boys' furnishings are imported from England.

EDGLEYS

95 King Street West - - Toronto

The Gas-Fired Refrigerator

The Beauty Spot of the kitchen



THE gas-fired Refrigerator brightens the kitchen as it lightens the labor. Finished in spotless white Duco, it sets an unchanging standard of neatness for the whole room.

Its graceful lines and glistening surface will be a constant source of pride. You will like to use it. Your help will like it. Visitors will envy you as they admire it. Servel is as attractive inside as it is out. It is easy to keep clean, for it is lined with fused white porcelain. It is seamless, sanitary and inviting. With such a background food looks its best and tastes its best.

Seen But Not Heard

As SERVEL contains no compressor, motor, fan, or other machinery, it is absolutely silent and free from vibration. You will never know it is working unless you open the refrigeration doors and feel the crisp, dry cold in the food compartments.

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